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MY GOLD CURE.

THE fall and death of Colonel John F. Mines, while producing a great shock on account of his prominence in literary circles and as an advocate of the Keeley cure, as well as the gallant fight he seemed to make against his disease, cannot affect the public appreciation of my discovery, except among those whose only information on the subject was derived from his article in the October number of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*. Of the 700 patients now at Dwight under treatment, not 5 per cent. are there through any other agency than their own personal knowledge of cures, ranging from one to ten years. The fact that friends and neighbors have received the Keeley treatment and secured, as far as human knowledge can estimate, permanent and lasting cures is the convincing argument. The Keeley cure has advanced slowly, without advertisement except that of cured men, from one patient, twelve years ago, till now the average attendance is as above. About the beginning of the present year the *Chicago Tribune*, after thorough investigation, opened its columns to ex-patients for the relation of their personal experiences, and thus succeeded in attracting the attention of the literary world and placing information as to the cure and the institution in the minds of the reading public. This information, taken advantage of, has now placed cured men in almost every city, town, and hamlet in the United States, as well as many foreign countries. The indubitable evidences of these cures remain and will always be monuments of my discovery, making the Keeley institutes the Meccas of the liquor and opium habitués.

Colonel Mines came to Dwight a physical and mental wreck. Being a man of brilliant intellect and great variability, his nervous system, even in its normal state, was subject to the greatest mutations, going from the state of highest enthusiasm to one of deepest dejection in an incredibly short time. In many cases the action of narcotics so masks the symptoms of other affections that it is not till the patient is freed from them and their impression that an intelligent diagnosis can be made. In Colonel Mines's case, after progressing partially through the treatment, the suspicion of paresis was aroused and much solicitude caused to me for fear that an unusually magnificent mind was to be permanently lost to the world. That solicitude caused me to keep up a regular correspondence with the patient, and as late as September 20 Colonel Mines wrote to me in Paris in such extravagant terms of his cure, betraying such an emotional state, that I was more fearful than ever of progressing nervous disease. When landing from the steamer in New York I looked in vain for Colonel Mines's face among the crowd on the dock, and it was not till the next day, when a mutual friend called, that I obtained any knowledge of him. This friend said he had met Colonel Mines a few days before and was afraid he had gone wrong. He had acted like one under the influence of drugs, suggestive of either hydrate of chloral or sulfonal, or a mixture of both. I sent out a gentleman familiar with Colonel Mines's habits and haunts, seeking him high and low, as long as I remained in New York, and it was not until I reached Chicago that I learned of the pitiable end of my brilliant patient.

The friend who met him described his condition as one of deep dejection and melancholy. Evidently his mercurial temperament had been subjected to one of those terrible reactions or reverses that he was so prone to, and he had resorted to some drug to overcome the depression, and, being easily and dangerously impressed by it, was really insane at the time. It will probably

never be known what the causes were that brought about his fall, but the conclusion to be made is that, with his temperament and environment, a lasting cure was not to be effected. He was, in fact, one of the 5 per cent. of patients that could not be permanently cured. On second thought, those familiar with Col. Mines's writings, or who had enjoyed his personal acquaintance, can but acknowledge that this sad occurrence will not impede or retard the grand work of which he wrote so brilliantly. The members of the various bi-chloride of gold clubs, formed by ex-patients in many localities, for the purpose of continuing the acquaintanceship formed at Dwight and branch institutes, crystallizing their labors in behalf of other unfortunates, and collecting interesting information regarding the ex-patients, claim that the percentage of cures is actually above the 95 per cent. that I credit to my remedy. The club at Dwight, with a membership of seventeen hundred in regular communication with its secretary, places the failures at less than 3 per cent. The Chicago club, with a membership of over four hundred, has had but six failures, being only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The latter club's membership is wholly within the city and is therefore reliable in its statistics. How can one failure impede the work, lessen the value of the discovery, or discourage the friends of the unfortunates?

The world is to-day absolutely without any other remedy approaching this in success; the accumulated mass of testimony admits of no reasonable doubt as to its claims, and the daily demonstration of its efficiency at Dwight on the seven hundred patients and the patients at the twenty-six branches should deservedly have the confidence and support of the afflicted ones and their friends. The following letter, written after a year's experience of the cure, is self-explanatory:

"CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 16, 1891.

"GEORGE B. SMITH, Esq., secretary Bi-chloride of Gold Club, Dwight, Ill.

"DEAR SIR: Since talking with you a few weeks since I am impressed with the propriety of submitting to the club on the anniversary of my graduation from the Keeley Institute at Dwight, which occurs October 22, 1891, a letter in grateful acknowledgement of the benefits and advantages I have personally derived from the treatment and cure. Feeling assured that my past twelve months' experience must be worth something to the membership now with you, I beg to submit the following, which are the practical results of the year just closed: Twelve months ago my condition had reached a stage of the severest extremity. I was in the great city of Chicago, without money and without friends. The generous assistance of my family was speedily consumed in drink, and the clothing supplied was pawned as soon as received. I was without shelter and without an article of wearing apparel which would bring the price of a drink; I was without aim, energy, or purpose. I was ignorant of the simplest business forms. I had never held a position of any description for six months; I was more dependent than a child. I lived by the generosity of family and friends, whose confidence I always betrayed. I was without moral stamina; my health was wrecked; I would submit to insult and abuse for a drink of whiskey. Twice, for a term of six months each, had I been sent to the best inebriate asylums of the land. I had travelled the world pretty much over in the hope of my people that change would effect a cure, but nothing made head against the monstrous disease which had me in its death-grip. This was my condition twelve months ago, when I commenced Dr. Keeley's treatment. Now for the result. This is what warms my heart and gives me courage to

betray the humiliating experience of the past. It is the animating hope that good may come of it.

"The day after my treatment was finished I was taken into a large jobbing house in Chicago. I was taken by men who knew my past and were willing to take the risk of giving me a trial. They afforded me an opportunity of learning their intricate business. I commenced as a workman in the stock. In four months I was advanced to the position of travelling salesman, since which time other promotions have followed. Now, what is this worth? Since Dr. Keeley pronounced me cured I have been an independent citizen, able to work and glad of the opportunity. I believe I have earned the confidence and esteem of my employers, and their frequent letters of commendation seem to attest as much. I have made money enough to meet all present wants and enough to apply a considerable sum to the payment of old debts, and have not contracted an additional obligation. The transformation of my own life is still to me a marvel. I can scarcely comprehend the change. Twelve months passed, and not only have I not touched a drop of any intoxicating thing whatsoever, but I have not had the first desire to drink. There has been no fight, no struggle. I am frequently asked how I withstood the temptations of the 'road.' There are no temptations; there is no desire. Appetite is gone; but I take no risks. I have no desire to test my strength. It has proved sufficient. What more do I want? Think of absolute freedom for twelve months from the awful craving of a diseased appetite. Think of the ability to do for one's self and for others. Think of health restored, with appetite only for food and ability to sleep. Think of the family who have suffered deeper sorrow than sorrow for the dead. Think of character restored till living is a delight and not a curse. Think of happiness, prosperity, and peace. Oh, it is a resurrection indeed. This is a practical experience. Yet there are those who condemn Dr. Keeley and his treatment without investigation. In my humble judgment, from the standpoint of my own experience, I say the man who deters others who suffer from the disease of alcoholism from applying the means of rescue which Dr. Keeley offers has taken a grave responsibility upon his soul. Let him look to it. Dr. Keeley cured me notwithstanding my skepticism and lack of faith. To him all credit is due. May I not hope you will some time write your own wonderful experience as you told it to me? Fraternally, ALBERT E. HYDE."

LESLIE E. KEELEY.

JEWISH SOLDIERS IN THE UNION ARMY.

As a Union soldier I feel compelled to take exception to a part of Isaac Besht Bendavid's reply to Goldwin Smith. I refer to that portion of his article in the September number of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* relative to the service of Jews in the Union armies. He cites, in particular, the military merit of Generals Lyon and Rosecrans. Of General Lyon I will only say that it must prove a genuine surprise to his many friends in Connecticut (his native State) to see him set down as a Jew. In all human probability this is the first time such a claim has been presented to their notice. In regard to General Rosecrans, he was sent to West Point at an age too young to have developed any very pronounced ideas of race, and, being educated by the government, could have had no other feeling of nationality than that symbolized in the flag that waved above his youthful studies. That he fought